GREEK ARCHITECTURE.

A Certain Fixed Proposition Was Adopted For Each Edifice.

In constructing their stone edifices the Greeks, who were reasoners and logicians, followed certain rules and adopted for each edifice a certain fixed proportion. What does this mean? It means that the proportions of the different parts of the edifice are simple proportions which can be reduced to a common measure. Take as an example the temple of Paestum. The module is the mean radius of the column. This module measures three feet. The column is ten times the module, or, say, thirty feet. The distance between the axes of the columns is five times the module, say, fifteen feet. The total height of the entablature is also fifteen feet, the width of the abacus is three modules, equal to nine feet. It is thus seen that all these numbers are multiples of three, which is the module. In this manner the proportions of the different members of an edifice have a constant relation to each other.

It goes without saying that the module varies for each edifice; there is no single and absolute rule. For instance, in the Doric order the length of the column varies from ten to twelve modules, in the Ionic order from sixteen to twenty-one. The entablature of the Doric order measures five modules and that of the Ionic only four.—Architectural Record.

OUR OLDEST HOTEL.

It Is In Arizona and Dates From the Seventeenth Century.

St. Augustine is the oldest town in the United States, but the oldest hotel in the country, contrary to what one would expect, is not in the east at all, but as far west as Arizona, being situated in Phenix of that state.

It was built in the seventeenth century by the Spaniards, just after the erection of a wonderful governor's palace, which also is to be seen to this day—the famous "Palacio del Gobernador." The hotel is a long, low, one story affair, built of adobe, with a flat roof, low doorways and many paned windows. The structure is now rather dingy in appearance, although it was, no doubt, considered really spacious and elegant when first erected.

When in 1681 the Indians threw off the Spanish yoke the hotel became a temporary fort. Many a successful Indian raid was planned in this very building, and councils of war were held frequently in the "taproom," as it was called.

This old tavern has sheltered such men as Custer, John C. Fremont, General Phil Sheridan, Zebulon Pike, Buffalo Bill and other famous scouts and plainsmen, besides many lesser heroes who, in true dime novel fashion, "went west to fight Injuns."

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

Wassailing of Apple Trees Still Observed in Parts of England.

What is the wassailing of apple trees?

This is an old custom, fast dying out, but still observed in parts of Somerset and Devon. At Wooton-Basset, near Minehead, the ceremony takes place on old Twelfth eve. All assemble at the farmhouse, and, after a hearty meal, form a procession to the nearest orchard, the master in front with a light, and men with old guns, blunderbusses and anything that makes a noise, in the rear. Plenty of cider is taken and some pieces of toast.

When the orchard is reached a ring is formed, and the master, in the center, seizes a branch and sings a verse beginning, "Oh, apple tree, I wassail thee, in hopes that thou wilt blow." Then all shout in chorus:

Hatfuls, capfuls, three bushel bagfuls,
Barn corfuls, tullet holefuls,
And a little heap under the stairs.

Then follow cheers, drinking of healths, shouts of "Now, Tom Pod, we wassail thee!" and the placing of the pieces of toast, soaked in cider, among the branches for the robins.—London Answers.

Sit Up Straight.

Your backbone was not made for a barrel hoop, so do not curve it around, but rather straighten it out. God made man upright—not round shouldered, humpbacked or bending over.

If you bend over too much in your studies, get a lower seat. Saw the legs off from an old chair, and then set down so low that your chin will come just above the table. Make the hind legs a little shorter than the fore legs, and then read and write with your arms on the table, and it will take out some of the crook from your back.

National Airs.

The national airs of great countries are short, while those of little countries are long. "God Save the King" is fourteen bars, the Russian hymn is sixteen bars and "Hail, Columbia!" has twenty-eight bars. Siam's national hymn has seventy-six bars and that of Uruguay seventy, Chile forty-six, and so on. San Marino has the longest national hymn except that of China.

Her Duplicate Presents.

She—Did your sister get any duplicate wedding presents. He—Yes; she married a widower with two boys.

STAMMERING.

The Cure That One Sufferer Invented May Help Others.

Among the minor arts of great importance is the self cure of stammering, which comes upon so many in early youth. In the memoir of the author of "John Inglesant," which his widow prepared, we read a rather touching confession. "I contracted the habit of stammering," wrote Mr. Shorthouse to Lady Welby, "as a delicate little boy of three at a large day school. It was not such a misfortune as might be supposed. For without this thorn in the flesh 'John Inglesant' would never have been written or conceived, and much which is very dear to me in philosophy would have been unknown." Few stammerers can bring forth a classic from their affliction, and some would even refuse the author's fame at the price of the speaker's embarrassments.

In many cases the self cure of stammering is easy. The present writer was a sufferer when a boy at a day school. He set himself to invent the cure. It was absolutely necessary, he found, that the opening syllable of a sentence should be said several times before the sentence was under way (just as the billiard player waggles his cue before the correct stroke). It occurred that the stammering might be done silently. So that little boy stammered firmly to himself with tightly closed lips, imagining himself to be speaking. It was easy enough, when the requisite number of "tut-tut-tuts" or "gug-gug-gugs" had been achieved in silence to start the sentence. Since then he has never stammered—aloud.—London Chronicle.

A SILVER BRIDGE.

Quaint Ceremony That Goes With a Roumanian Wedding.

At Roumanian weddings it is the custom at the wedding feast for the groom to receive his bride over a bridge of silver.

Coins are placed in a double row across the table, and over this the bride daintily steps to her husband's waiting arms.

The ceremony of laying the bridge is one of the interesting events of the wedding feast following the religious ceremony. When the guests are brought to a proper spirit of festivity by the good cheer at the board a space at the head of the table is cleared and from a bag are drawn silver coins procured for the purpose, the proper provision being the production of coins fresh from the mint.

These are laid in a double row across the table, and when all is ready the father of the groom makes a speech to his son, admonishing him to see that his bride's way through life is always paved with silver.

A proper response is made, and, mounting a chair, the elder man swings the bride lightly to the table. Carefully avoiding the displacing of a coin (for that would mean bad luck) the girl makes her way across the short silver pathway and leaps into the arms of her spouse.

At wedding feasts where ostentation is desired the bridge is built lengthwise of the table.

A Criticism by Liszt.

A story of Liszt recites that on a certain occasion a Miss M. was playing a sonata by Sterndale Bennett, a work of a very prosy type and certainly lacking in anything like spontaneity or poetry. Liszt was evidently not familiar with it, so, after playing some six or seven pages, he gently tapped Miss M. on the arm and said, "Mademoiselle, would you kindly name the piece you are performing?" "Certainly, sir," she replied. "It is the sonata 'The Maid of Orleans,' by William Sterndale Bennett." "H'm," said Liszt. "It's a pity the original manuscript didn't meet the same fate as the 'maid.'"

Strawberries.

Lord Sefton, the renowned gourmet, was once interrogated as to the best mode of eating strawberries and replied: "Sprinkle them slightly with powdered white sugar candy and a few drops of Malmsey. Take them after breakfast or for supper or after dinner after a plain biscuit ice." When a once well known diplomatist attended his first garden party after arriving in London he was shown a dish of strawberries and cream. "Pourquoi faire?" cried he, explaining that he could not bring himself to fancy that the mess was intended for the food of men.—London Truth.

Bank of Ireland Guard.

The Bank of Ireland, like the Bank of England, has a military guard, which is relieved every twenty-four hours. Immediately after the mounting of the new guard every morning a knock at the door of the officer's room announces the arrival of the head porter with a large book, in which the officer signs his name, rank and regiment, and on the departure of the porter with the book a half sovereign is found on the table. It is the officer's perquisite.

Labor is the inevitable lot of the majority, and the best education is that which will make their labor most productive.—Proude.

POP GOES THE WEASEL.

The Meaning of These Words In the Old English Song.

How many people know the meaning of the words "Pop goes the weasel" in the song? Many of us have probably regarded them as a meaningless tag, having some dim Cockney bearing on the animal. Such a bearing they have, but in an unexpected way. A writer in Notes and Queries affirms that the words refer to a purse made of weasel skin which opened and closed with a snap. This brings the line out of irrelevant jargon into the main sense:

Up and down the city road,
In and out the Eagle;
That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the weasel.

The "popping" or snapping of the purse is declared to be the equivalent of "Bang went saxpence."

But this explanation is not, perhaps, so inherently probable as another which makes "weasel" a slang term for silver plate, prize cups, etc.—articles which, as the result of gadding in the City road, were pawned or "popped." This idea is repeated in a story of an Islington tailor who, through frequenting the Eagle tavern, had to pop his "weasel," an instrument used in the cutting of cloth. Whatever the weasel may have been, the song went round the world, and many a boy in faroff Brazil or Ceylon received his first idea of London's streets in its reference to the City road.—London Globe.

BIRD CUSTOMS.

The Habit of Billing and the Stock Dove's Bow In a Fight.

An Englishman, Edmond Selous, has been watching doves at play and in combat. Of the habit of "billing," in which so many birds engage when they are nesting, he says: "Where birds now merely 'bill,' they once, in my opinion, fed each other, or the male fed the female, but pleasure came to be experienced in the contact alone, and the passage of food, which was never necessary, gradually became obsolete. I think it by no means improbable that our own kissing may have originated in much the same way, and that birds when thus 'billing' experience the same sort of pleasure that we do when we kiss must be quite obvious to any one who has watched them."

Of a peculiarity of the stock dove Mr. Selous writes: "When these birds fight they constantly interrupt the flow of the combat by bowing in the most absurd way, not to one another, but generally, so to speak, for no object or purpose whatever, apparently, but only because they must do so. The fact is the bow has become a formula of courtship, and, as courting and fighting are intimately connected, the one suggests the other in the mind of the bird, who bows all at once under a misconception."

THE WORD "LOBSTER."

In Its Slang Sense It Has Been In Use For Centuries.

In letters from Sir Walter Scott to William Clark of Eldin, under date of Sept. 10 and 30, 1792, are found allusions to the word "lobster" as a playful sobriquet for the redcoat officers and soldiers of the British army. In this case a boiled lobster is meant, as per evidence of the following couplet, once familiar to the English street boys, and quoted whenever a rifleman in green was seen walking arm in arm with a soldier in red:

There go two lobsters, claw in claw;
One is boiled, and t'other's raw.

Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, in Cromwell's time, commanded a regiment of cuirassiers, who "from their complete armor obtained the nickname of lobsters." (Baldock's "Cromwell as a Soldier.") What was mere raillery in England may readily have grown into an expression of hatred and contempt in America at the time of the Revolution, and, in point of fact, Bancroft's "History of the United States" relates that "lobsters" was one of the abusive epithets applied to the soldiers by the mob on the occasion of the Boston massacre.—Philadelphia Press.

A Taste of Fame.

When Thackeray was a candidate for parliament from the city of Oxford some one remarked to him that he must be well known to most of those whose votes he sought. "Now," said Thackeray, laying down his knife and fork and holding up a finger, "there was only one man among all that I went to see who had heard my name before, and he was a circulating librarian. Such is mortal fame!" That was in 1857 and "Vanity Fair" had been published ten years.

"That brother of yours, Lucy," said the man of the house, "seems to be a pretty tough character."

"'Deed he is, suh," replied the colored maid. "He jes' natchelly seems to be de white sheep ob our fambly, sho' 'nuff."—Philadelphia Press.

The Hole In the Roof.

No man is belittled by having a decent roof over his head, and no bishop is made a saint by living in a hovel.—From "The Bishop's Niece," by George H. Picard.

It is really the errors of a man that make him lovable.—Goethe.